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CHARTREUSE

SUNDAY TIMES

# weekly review

AUGUST 8 1971

هكذا من الامل

17

LEGGE Locks



Jonathan Jackson, brother of George, who was shot dead in the Soledad Brothers' prison riot. George Jackson, one of the three Soledad Brothers, who faces trial for allegedly murdering a prison guard. Angela Davis, who awaits trial on murder and kidnapping charges arising from the Marin County shooting.

**GODFREY HODGSON** pieces together the sinister chain of events in a Californian prison which lies behind two forthcoming trials destined to be the latest battleground of racial conflict in America



McClain, a San Quentin convict, brandishes a revolver inside Marin County Hall of Justice during the kidnap attempt a year ago. A shotgun has been lapped to the neck of Judge Haley. At right, with a pistol tossed to him by Jonathan Jackson, is another convict.

## SOLEDAD: BIRTH OF A RACIAL VENDETTA

A YEAR AGO YESTERDAY a judge was kidnapped in his own court at the Marin County Hall of Justice at San Rafael, just outside San Francisco. A young black militant held up the court at gunpoint, and the judge and three black men died in the resulting gunbattle.

The incident was startling enough in itself, and as an indication of how fierce racial divisions now are in California. For many blacks, it was a heroic revolutionary act. For many whites, it was a culminating violation of law and order.

The shoot-out at San Rafael is intimately connected with two other current cases. Both will be in the headlines for many months to come: One is the trial of Angela Davis, the beautiful black militant intellectual who is charged with murder because she is alleged to have provided the guns that were used at San Rafael. The other is the case of the so-called Soledad Brothers. Since the recent publication of his letters, one of them, George Jackson, has been hailed as the most important black writer to emerge since Eldridge Cleaver wrote *Soul on Ice*.

But the San Rafael incident, the Angela Davis trial, and the case of the Soledad Brothers can only be understood if they are placed in context: as three bloody acts in a tragedy, which has developed with the murderous inevitability of a mediaeval blood-feud.

It is one of those tragic dramas in which the central character is not any one person, but a place, or rather in this instance an institution: the California State Correctional Training Facility at Soledad, a vast grey complex of buildings, surrounded by trim lawns and lovingly tended flowers.

The tragic irony lies in the fact that when Soledad was opened, only 25 years ago, it was widely regarded as the most progressive

prison in the world's most enlightened penal system. As we shall see, no such claim could reasonably be made for it now.

TOGETHER WITH the other two Soledad Brothers, George Jackson is charged with murdering a guard in Soledad, and faces a mandatory death sentence. One of the paradoxes of the story is that in most penal systems he would not have been in prison at all when the murder took place.

In 1960, when he was 18, Jackson pleaded guilty to a charge of "second degree robbery." He was driving the getaway car while a friend stole \$70 (then £25) from a petrol station. The boy who actually stole the money got out of jail in 1963. Jackson has been there ever since.

What happened was that he was persuaded to plead guilty by the "public defender" (the equivalent of legal aid counsel) on the grounds that this would reduce his sentence. He then received an "indeterminate sentence": one year to life.

The time a man serves in California is determined by parole boards. This system had its origin in the benevolent idea that prison should be a process of rehabilitation. It follows from that theory that the prisoner should go back to society as soon as he is "ready."

In practice, this system puts the prisoners at the mercy of the guards. Any guard can, for almost any reason, give a prisoner a "115"—a bad conduct mark, which, entered on his "jacket," (file) will prevent him getting a date to appear before the parole board.

In the boom times of the 1950s and 1960s, with many more attractive jobs paying better money, the California Department of Corrections could not always attract the wisest and best of men to become

prison guards. From racist or merely authoritarian guards, a proud young black like George Jackson, who was determined not to put up with the slightest racial insult, could all too easily accumulate a steady stream of 115s.

A 115 on his "jacket" is by no means the worst a prisoner in Soledad has to fear. The "main-line," medium-security sections of the prison offer considerable facilities for prisoners to learn vocational skills or educate themselves—though black prisoners complain they have less opportunity than whites. Jackson himself read Marx, Lenin, Trotsky, Fanon, Mao and other writers, revolutionary and non-revolutionary, in Soledad. But all such opportunities disappear when a prisoner is sent to the "adjustment centre."

The California prison system is fond of euphemism. Guards are "correctional officers." The prison itself is a "training facility." And the "adjustment centre" at Soledad was in fact a particularly barbaric deterrent. In 1966 a prisoner called Jordan successfully brought suit in Federal court under the clause of the United States constitution which prohibits "cruel and unusual punishment."

The court found that Jordan had been kept for 12 days in a "strip cell," 6ft by 8ft 4in, without heat or light. For eight days he was kept stark naked. The only facility in the cell was a hole for bodily wastes which he could not flush. He was only allowed to wash his hands once every five days. The stench caused him to vomit continuously.

The court commented in 1966 that such treatment "results in a slow-burning fire of resentment until it finally explodes in open revolt." But little reform resulted from the court's decision, and the superintendent who was named in Jordan's suit is still running Soledad today.

George Jackson spent many periods in the adjustment centre at Soledad. As it happens, however, he was not there on January 13, 1970, when the new "O" wing exercise yard opened.

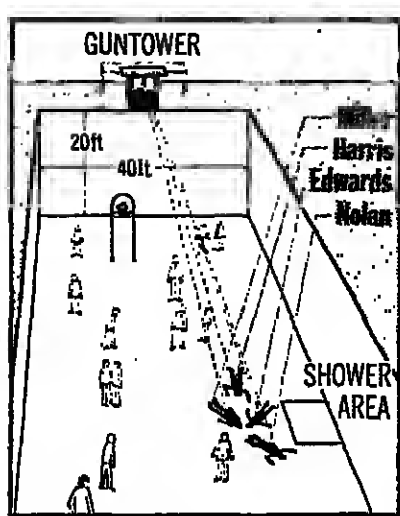
THE FIRST BLACK MAN into the yard that morning was a friend of Jackson's, a muscular black militant called W. L. Nolen. He was joined there after a few moments by Earl Satcher, the leading Black Muslim in Soledad, and then by five more blacks, most of them known as tough militants.

Each man, as he entered the yard, was made to strip and submit to a skin search of mouth, armpits, private parts and anus, to make sure he had no concealed weapons.

There is some conflict of evidence as to the identity of the other prisoners who were in the yard that morning. It was seen, however, that they included at least four "chicanos"—Mexican-Americans, many of whom are strongly hostile to blacks—one Hawaiian and one Samoan, and that the rest were white. The whites included a man who has been described by a Soledad psychiatrist as a "virulent Southern racist," who had threatened Nolen the night before.

Nolen had another enemy in the exercise yard that morning, a guard he had punched in an argument some months before. This was O. G. Miller, who was stationed in a wooden tower some 20ft above the yard. He is an ex-army marksman, and he was armed with a .30 semi-automatic carbine. For a few minutes, the blacks exercised, thumping a handball against the concrete wall of the yard, and working out on a punch-bag. Then Nolen and another black prisoner walked towards the white man who had shouted at him the night before. A fight started. Within seconds three blacks and four whites were involved. Then guard Miller fired at the blacks.

Nolen was hit first, in the femoral artery. Then Edwards, then "Jug" Miller, both in the chest. Finally one of the white men who had been fighting, Billy D. Harris, was shot in a testicle as he ran away from the group of



The yard of Soledad in which, during a race fight between convicts, three blacks were shot dead by a guard in the watchtower.

wounded men. The shots were spaced and apparently coolly aimed. Though the prison authorities maintain that guard Miller blew a whistle before shooting, black eyewitnesses insist that he gave no warning before opening fire.

One of the blacks who had not been hit called to Miller to stop him shooting: "It's all over with." "Well it better be all over with," Miller shouted back.

It was, indeed, all over for one of the three blacks, who died instantly. But for 15-20 minutes the other two bled to death in the yard, while the four black survivors begged the guards to be allowed to take them to the prison hospital.

The prison authorities maintain that a fight started which was so murderous that O. G. Miller, after his warning whistle had been ignored, had no alternative but to fire. This version does not satisfactorily deal with a large number of disturbing, not to say sinister, facts:

1. Race relations in "O" wing had been so bad that for two years whites and blacks had never been allowed to exercise together. Yet on the very first day the new exercise yard was opened, several of the leading black militants were put in it with several virulent white racists.

2. Guards, white prisoners and blacks all expected trouble when the new yard opened. One black inmate wrote that guards "continuously didn't forget to remind us of the yard opening soon," and that taunting white inmates "would pass my cell asking me—'are you coming' out when the yard opens?"

3. Nolen told his father that he had been marked down to be killed. "Jug" Miller also wrote to his family a week before his death, telling of his fears.

4. A large number of guards had gathered to watch the opening of the new exercise yard. Quite apart from the fact that these men, representing a large proportion of the guards at Soledad, and almost all armed, could presumably have stopped unarmed men doing each other serious harm without shooting them dead, the question is: what did they expect to see?

THREE DAYS AFTER the killings, the local district attorney made a statement about the case. He was still investigating it, he said, but he didn't think he would prosecute O. G. Miller. His action had been, the DA said, "probable justified homicide by a public officer in the performance of his duty."

About half an hour after this statement was broadcast over the prison's radio system, a white guard called John Mills was found lying in a pool of blood in "Y" wing. In the ordinary, medium-security part of the prison. He was dead: he had been thrown over the third tier balcony on to the concrete floor 30ft below.

All 138 inmates of "Y" wing were interrogated, and finally, after 11 days, three blacks were charged with the murder of Mills: John Cluchette, Fleeta Drumgo, and George Jackson. The Soledad Brothers.

All three deny the charge, and

maintain that they were watching television, in the presence of a large number of other prisoners, at the time Mills was killed.

At first the Soledad Brothers were held incommunicado. Then John Cluchette managed to smuggle to his parents a note which said simply: "Help! Life in danger!" When the normally self-possessed Jackson saw a black California senator on February 1, he "appeared in shackles and chains and was trembling so severely that he was unable to light his own cigarette."

Once the news was out, well-known lawyers were briefed for the three accused, and committees were formed to raise money for their defence. Angela Davis joined the Los Angeles committee: she was already well-known because she had been sacked from her job teaching philosophy at UCLA on the grounds that she was a Communist. She went to visit the Jackson family, and made friends with George's 17-year-old brother Jonathan, who became her body-guard.

Jonathan had not seen George, except rarely through wire mesh in prison visiting rooms, since he was seven. But by letter George had painstakingly brought his younger brother up as a militant.

In June Jonathan wrote in his high school magazine: "People say that I'm obsessed with my brother's case. It's true. I have but one question to ask: What would you do if it was your brother?" His answer was not long in coming.

THE PRISONER IN THE DOCK in the Hall of Justice in San Rafael, a vast white zigzag which was the last building designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, on August 7 last year was a black convict from San Quentin called James McClain. He was charged with stabbing a guard in the course of a riot after another black prisoner had been shot dead. Four more convicts from San Quentin were in court, in chains, to give evidence.

About 11 o'clock in the morning Jonathan Jackson walked into the court carrying an airline bag. As a policeman moved over to inspect the bag, routinely, Jonathan pulled a gun and shouted: "This is it! Everybody freeze!"

Covering the court with a sub-machine gun, he tossed guns to McClain and the convict witnesses. They took the judge, the prosecutor and three women jurors as hostages and escaped from the courtroom with a sawn-off shotgun taped to the judge's neck.

The group of five hostages and five captors made its way out of the building. They reached the car park, where a yellow rented van was waiting.

But before they were free, they had to drive under one of Wright's massive arches. More than 100 armed police and prison guards were waiting for them. Someone blocked the road with a police car. Both sides opened fire, but all the casualties were in the yellow van. The judge was killed. So were Jonathan Jackson and two of his black allies.

The raid on the courthouse was not merely an angry protest. It was a calculated risk, inspired by the urban guerrillas of South America, who use kidnapping as the only tactic they consider available. As he left the Hall of Justice with his prisoners, Jonathan shouted "We are the revolutionaries! Free the Soledad Brothers by 12.30!" His plan apparently was to take over a local radio station and try to use the judge as a hostage to get his brother freed, and also to call attention to the conditions of black prisoners in Soledad.

"We reckon all the time in the future," wrote George Jackson when he heard of his brother's death, "from the day of the man-child's death. Man-child, black man-child with submachine gun in hand, he was free for a while. I guess that's more than most of us can expect."

IN THE LAST YEAR, things have gone from bad to worse at Soledad. Last July, a group of black mem-

bers of the California legislature managed to conduct a limited investigation of conditions there. They found that in "O" wing men were habitually locked up in a 6ft. by 10ft. cell for 23½ hours a day.

The legislators quoted inmates as saying that "some prisoners in the maximum security wing are permitted to throw urine and faeces at other defenceless prisoners," and that "cell doors are intentionally opened by guards to allow interracial fights at 3:1 and 6:1 ratios."

If even a small fraction of the reports they had received were accurate, the report concluded, then the prison staff included "cruel, vindictive, dangerous men who should not be permitted to control the lives of the 2,800 men in Soledad."

On July 23, 1970 a guard called William Shull was murdered in Soledad, and seven black prisoners were charged with conspiracy to commit murder. On February 2 this year, the District Attorney dropped all charges against four of the accused, and conspiracy charges against all of them for lack of evidence. This was because at least two of the prosecution witnesses testified in court that they had lied in their evidence against the accused. Defence lawyers were in possession of letters from at least five more witnesses who claimed they had been threatened into giving false testimony at preliminary hearings by the prison authorities.

There have been 10 murders inside Soledad since guard Mills was thrown to his death. In six cases inmates have been killed, either by guards or by other inmates, and in three cases guards were the victims. The tenth death was that of a prison administrator: two convicts walked into his office and stabbed him in the back while he was working at his desk.

In January 1971, just a year after the massacre in the "O" wing exercise yard, the "virulent Southern racist" who was in the fight with Nolen was allowed out of his cell by a guard "accidentally" to go to the showers when they were full of blacks. He was stabbed in the chest, but survived. What was the guard's motive? Rough justice, or a policy of divide-and-rule?

In June this year, in desperation, the California Department of Corrections started shipping prisoners out of Soledad. About 400 were removed to other prisons, and rather over 200 of those to a peaceful medium-security prison called Deuel Vocational Institute.

Within days prison officials said that Deuel faced "the kind of racism and violence that has made Soledad notorious," and the head of the California prison system confirmed "a vast increase in suspense and tension" at Deuel.

The authorities could hardly deny it: for already a lieutenant in charge of guards at Deuel had shot himself in his bathroom, leaving a suicide note blaming tension at the prison and saying that he was afraid for the lives of the men under his command.

Starting out with the best intentions in the world to rehabilitate criminals, prisons like Soledad have evolved under the pressures of racial conflict into colleges for training revolutionaries. They have already produced Huey Newton, Eldridge Cleaver, Bobby Seale and the other leaders of the hard new black militancy.

They have produced George Jackson, who has written that "there are only two types of men ever released from these places, the revolutionaries and the broken men. . . . The most dedicated, the best of our kind—you'll find them in the Folsoms, the San Quentins, the Soledads."

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## THE BACK OF BEYOND

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But in the time I was in the storm the landscape had changed completely: go in among fields,

COMPASS

Edited by Jean Robertson

come out staring at a huge mountain, or a sea-land, or—least likely of all—the dozens of green islets in Clew Bay, bobbing up in the water like grass-covered sea stacks.

But in the time I was in the storm the landscape had changed completely: go in among fields,

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## THE BACK OF BEYOND

Captain Walshe, pulling down the miserable cottages over the starting inhabitants' heads. Those inhabitants were "quiet harmless persons, terrified of strangers."

That same feeling of being not only at the end of the country but beyond it is still there today. Belmullet must be the most remote town in Ireland, 40 miles west across the mountains from normal Irish country life at Ballina. Beyond it is the Mullet Peninsula, almost an island, almost a normal agricultural countryside.

Normal until you look round at the formidable jagged horizon or go over on to the western side to places like Cross Abbey, where there is nothing memorable in the way of ruins, but a formidable meeting of dunes, Atlantic breakers and gravestones, three of them, in a few yards. Offshore there are islands but no people, though the whale-fishers on Inishkeel stuck it out until 1931 and my map still hopefully credits them with two schools and an inn.

Compared with that, Achill is bursting with life, though I guess it is life at one remove, supported by remittance money from England and the strange migration that sends the civil servants from Dublin down once a year to brush up their Gaelic. The road to Dooagh has now been extended to Keem Strand—a hair-raising drive half way up a cliff and down again to a tiny crescent.

THINGS TO BRING BACK FROM GREECE

tional skills of Greek craftsmen and there is no false snobbery about reproducing the beauty of the past—what counts with Greeks is authenticity and quality of workmanship.

The main craft centre in Athens is at 9 Mitropoleos Street, where they will give you an address list of all the other craft centres in Greece. But if the range of merchandise at craft centres is vast (rugs, jewellery, ceramics, carved wood, metal and stone work, printed silks, footwear, small items of furniture, toys and icons), the emphasis varies with the district.

Other things to look for include: Straw mules (Psathines) lined

with Turkish towelling—light, comfortable and packable. The perfect bathroom and travelling slipper. About 25p.

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Riziana—a wild marjoram that flourishes on uncultivated hill-sides and scrubland. One of the essential flavours of the Greek kitchen. At its best picked in flower and dried on the stem.

Taverna chairs (if you have a car or a fairly easy-going attitude to airport baggage). These sturdy four-square chairs (pictured)—usually cypress wood and rush-seated—are ideal for kitchens, verandahs or country cottages. In markets such as Athens Street

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- DILYS POWELL: CENSORSHIP AT PULA
- RECORDS OF THE MONTH
- NOVELS IN THEORY AND PRACTICE

Harold Hobson on different kinds of heroes

## WORLDS APART

IN MY OPINION, when the National Theatre is at its best, as it is at the New Theatre in Jonathan Miller's production of George Bernard Shaw's *Danton's Death*, it cannot be rivalled by any other company in the country. In the excellent translation by John Wells there are three performances which bear on their shoulders without flinching the weight of conflicting ideological worlds whose clash, in great blocks of rhetoric, provides theatrical excitement of the rarest kind.

Christopher Plummer's Danton, earthy, human, at last recoiling from sending yet other armies of victims to the guillotine, in the September Massacre, should be in danger, and his massive strength exhausted, too weary to oppose the terrible cold flash of Robespierre's anger, is the finest thing he has done in England. Charles Kay's Robespierre, with his implacably gentle voice, the integrity for which he has been surely damned, and his wistful smile, is a masterpiece, revealing at a moment of the tortured and as nothing compared with the tortures of the torturer.

Just a portrait, lit with a lurid grandeur, of an idealist impelled by the force of his unselfish motives to stride to the shores of Paradise through seas of blood. Mr Pickup brings the first act to a close with a coup de théâtre more tremendous than anything to be seen in any other London playhouse: a speech comprising the progress of revolution with the catastrophic forces of plague and earthquake which rises in intellectual passion to heights which could not be scaled with more frightening power even by the foremost actor in the National Theatre Company, the mighty Olivier himself. The thunder of Mr Pickup's rhetoric, the huge crescendo of his carefully spaced climaxes, its meticulously marshalled ideas, the overwhelming attack of its civil righteousness leave the audience breathless with admiration.

Danton was heroic; and so was John Mortimer's father, a successful barrister who was blinded in middle age, but never admitted to the bar, and who, in the end, sent his son to Harrow and Oxford. He never lost his gaiety, his enjoyment in life, nor his wit. Mr Mortimer tells his story in *A Voyage Round My Father* (Haymarket), which was first seen at Greenwich with a different cast. The various episodes are lively and delicate. It is a brave story, and a cheerful one, but nothing as cosy as the enthusiastic audience seemed to believe.

Mortimer Senior says to his son, "In time of war resist the temptation to do anything heroic." It is incredible to me that so many clever people have failed to see the scorching irony of this. For Mortimer Senior himself omitted to be not heroic, and the cost to his family was very great. I am the last person in the world to underestimate the difficulties of the handicapped, but the real, searing penalty for disability is paid, not by the disabled, but by those who are with them—their parents, their wives and husbands, their children, and

their friends; by people who, with constant patience, see that they are not bumped into in the street, who help them up stairs, who manage their public appearances so that they are seen to least disadvantage. My sympathies therefore are all on the side of the daughter-in-law who introduces into the play the moment of truth, when she exclaims brusquely, "Why do you all pretend that he is not blind, when he is?" The house shrank at this, but it was something that ought to be said. If Mortimer Senior had admitted his blindness, it would not have injured his career, but it would have made all the difference in the world to his gratitude, which received no utterance throughout the play, to those who helped him with such devotion.

The achievement of the play is that it shows Mr Mortimer's deep and true affection for his father, and yet perceives with unrelenting ruthlessness at how great a price to others Mortimer Senior's heroism was bought. Sir Alec Guinness plays the gallant, inconsiderate man with a quiet, assured flourish. Jeremy Brett as the browbeaten and ever affectionate son, Nicole Brett as the crucified daughter-in-law, and Leueen MacGrath as the uncomplicated, unwarmed wife moved my heart. There is the true heroism, the everyday, unspectacular heroism that the world allows to pass by unnoticed.

To sit for three and three-quarter hours with one's head twisted round at an angle of forty-five degrees is hardly the most convenient way of judging a production of *Hamlet*. To put *Hamlet* into a straitjacket and make Gertrude tipsy, as happens at the Cambridge, hardly seems to me to justify a new production of the play, even if it has the exciting Ian McKellen in the principal part. Despite his fire and passion, Mr McKellen appeared to lack any compulsive conception in his performance. The whole evening in fact created the impression of a Wolfist production without Wolfist.

To tell the truth, *The Avengers* (Prince of Wales), by Terence Feely and Brian Clemens, is far more lively since it is ludicrous, bizarre, grotesque, funny and completely outrageous. The exquisite, Henry Jamesian point about its astronauts dropping dead, girls falling out of mummy cases shrieking "Knickers, and bodiless heads is that its hero, Steed, scarcely ever notices that anything unusual is happening at all. With the nonchalant confidence given to him by his bowler, his carnation, and his satisfaction at being an Old Etonian, Steed, in the realm of spy fiction, is a wholly original creation. Simon Oates on the stage is not as good as Patrick Macnee was on television. Even so, there is pleasure to be gained from passing a couple of hours in the company of the prince of decadence, as he moves casually through cataclysms and disasters incompetent, indestructible and charming.

Michel Saint-Denis, who died last week, brought a sort of salvation to the theatre in the Thirties, and though he was overtaken later by the difficulties of the handi-capped, but the real, searing penalty for disability is paid, not by the disabled, but by those who are with them—their parents, their wives and husbands, their children, and



Ralph Richardson as Wyatt Gillman in John Osborne's new play 'West of Suez' which opens at the Royal Court on August 17 directed by Anthony Page

THE PLEASANT King's Lynn Festival, which has just celebrated its coming of age, is roughly what the Aldeburgh Festival used to be in its earlier years before it expanded and acquired the splendid premises of the Maltings: that is to say, a sociable and simple nine-day affair, covering two week-ends, with strong local roots and plenty of distinguished outside talent.

If the festival cannot claim resident genius on the scale of Britten and Pears, it has in Lady Fermoy a Founder-Director who is a fine pianist, efficient organiser, and much-loved colleague. The setting is one of the homeliest of small English towns, with a couple of light, wide East Anglian churches and a restored Guildhall to house the concerts, numerous locations for other events, and the wide estuary of the Great Ouse to provide the ideal background for a concluding fireworks display.

The first of two final concerts on the last two days of July in St Nicholas Chapel, with its clear acoustics, was devoted to familiar Mozart and a pair of new works commissioned by the Festival. First came a setting for soprano and orchestra by Elizabeth Maconchy of Day Lewis' poem, *Arcturion*; a monologue by the same poet, *Arcturion*, which has always been a favourite with composers.

Miss Maconchy's piece is in effect a dramatic scene. The poet has traced the lady's swiftly changing reactions to her predicament in evocative, richly metaphorical language, which is even more effective, in the composer's sometimes widely leaping but not very distinctive vocal line and varied scoring for small orchestra. There are picturesque episodes, among which I specially liked the light suggestion of a girl's first love, in the careless yet apprehensive 5/8 metre, of the heroine's half-suspecting childhood in the palace of Minoas, and a later musical image, for successive pairs of winds, of the heroine's first love, in the breeze. The end was disappointing, however: no telling musical event, no sense of transformation, marked the arrival of Bacchus with his gift of stellar immortality. The piece received what

A TALE of three cities, this week, with top marks for effort going to Liverpool, where the Peter Moore Foundation has joined hands with the Walker Art Gallery to sponsor a survey of New Italian Art, 1953-71. In scale (and in installation, thanks to the ingenious devices of a Liverpool designer, Jim O'Donoghue) this will put Liverpool's visitors in the Venice Biennale, all that is lacking is the muscle of the adjacent canal and an issue of café-au-lait featherweight suits for the guards.

The show is clearly very dear to Liverpool, and it is hard to think that most of what has been brought so lovingly to Liverpool is anything more than interior decoration for the baffled rich. That note is set at the outset by a piece of elegant modernism, the Italian Pavilion at the Venice Biennale, all that is lacking is the muscle of the adjacent canal and an issue of café-au-lait featherweight suits for the guards.

As Professor Carandente says, there are "many Italian artists of the first rank" who have been left out of this show; but, at one extreme, and Santomaso at another would have added character to what is now distinctly a Roman choice of artists, Anselmo and other members of the Torino avant-garde could have been substituted for others whose work seems to me a form of environmental pollution. The Italian heritage, as much in 1971 as at the time of the Futurist Manifesto, is an appalling burden; but there is some very touching about the "Copie"

## Musical maturity

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAW-TAYLOR

seemed a perfect performance from Heather Harper and the ECO under Raymond Leppard. Another soloist, Maurice Gendron, then played Lennox Berkeley's *Dialogue* for cello and chamber orchestra, which struck me as the most successful of his recent productions and the most beautifully worked, even though composed to high standards of craftsmanship. It is perhaps time that we stopped taking granted Berkeley's fine sense of placing and proportion: workmanship of this kind—so free and graceful, so clear and concise—has become very rare.

There have been times when his basic material has seemed not quite worthy of such shaping skill; but here the two were in equilibrium. A soft opening discord for wind eventually gives rise to the theme of the finale; and a striking little figure of repeated notes and a dropping fourth, first for violin, then for the soloist, provides most of the material for the first movement, and is later transfigured to

form the suite melody of the central *Lento*. Nothing is forced, everything is natural, nothing wasted, everything turned to account. Although the scoring is light as air, the sensitive cellist dropped out of earshot once or twice, and might perhaps have allowed himself a stronger thrust. This is real music that deserves an early recording.

Next afternoon, Leppard and the same players, together with the Philip Jones Brass Ensemble and the Ambrosian Singers, returned to honour the memory of that real old friend of the festival, Sir John Barbirolli, in a programme called *The Splendours of Venice*. Though the important antiphonal effects had to be imagined, this was a superb concert, notable for several Monteverdi masterpieces and for some smaller and gentler works by Cavalli which held their own bravely in such company.

The climax of many celebrations of Sir Arthur Bliss's 80th birthday came on the day itself, last Monday, when the Prom

audience gave him a tremendous welcome after a first half devoted to his music played by his favourite orchestra, the LSO, and his old friend and (I dare say) favourite conductor, Sir Adrian Boult. If the "Things to Come" suite was included on grounds rather of popularity than of musical value, it was interesting to hear again the Theocritean contralto scene called "The Enchantress," which was strongly and fervently sung by Norma Procter. There is some darkly romantic writing for both voice and orchestra in the middle episodes, but rather too little sense of a general design in the work as a whole.

A magnificent performance followed of "Music for Strings," the undoubted masterpiece among the composer's larger works, in which his unflinching gusto is transformed into a wonderful grasp and relief of the possibilities of the medium, coupled with a continuous inventiveness in theme, colour and polyphonic device worthy of Elgar himself, whose First Symphony grandly concluded the programme.

During two dazzling BBC Symphony Orchestra concerts under Pierre Boulez it became still clearer that we are living in a Golden Age of the Proms—perhaps also the Symphony Orchestra itself, now spurred by the vanguard.

Opinion is divided between those who feel that Boulez is squandering his creative talents on the concert platform, and those who value his conducting more than his composition; after hearing his agreeably tinkling but featureless "Eclat/multiples," I incline to the latter view. His handling of Debussy's "Iberia" lost nothing in languor and voluptuousness from its extreme precision; and Stravinsky's "Petrushka," apart from some trumpet mishaps, maintained an ideal frosty nerve. Mahler's Ninth Symphony, with the BBC's horns in particularly fine form, was given with a profound and elevating sympathy that failed only in a puritanical reluctance to allow the composer his marked torment. Nothing in these two concerts surpassed the tender and delicate bloom of the accompaniments to Janet Baker's rapturously beautiful singing of Berlioz's "Nuit d'été" song. A golden age indeed.

## FELIX APRAHAMIAN

SUMMER SONG is under way at the Queen Elizabeth Hall and Gerald Moore is the deviser of this year's August festival. Featuring the arts of song and singing, it began on Thursday with a recital by Peter Pears and Julian Bream. The hall, of course, was full, and the singing and accompaniment of lute songs by Dowland and Morley and Britten's exotic *Wales* setting with guitar, were predictably beyond criticism. Morley's "Come, Sorrow, come," with its ambivalent harmonies provided the expressive highlight. But the subtleties of Mr Pears' enunciation and Mr Bream's articulations ideally call for more intimate conditions, with an audience seated on the same level if not closer to the seated performers.

On the other hand, skilful his-

trionics successfully projected the week's two Glyndebourne Proms across the vast spaces of the Albert Hall, with Margaret Price as a now completely content and vocally radiant Floridigli and Jane Berlie as a still irresistible Despina in "Cosi fan tutte."

Perhaps even more surprising was the degree of intimacy achieved on Friday by the Cavalli/Leppard "La Calisto" in which, mythological lasciviousness is wedded to mostly seraphic sounds. This was a tribute both to the hall's present acoustics and a performance of extraordinary quality by a star cast including the indefatigable and versatile Janet Baker.

John Pritchard and Raymond Leppard must be thanked for two stylistically impeccable operatic evenings in the concert-room.

## Cross-country airs

ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

ailed for our much-hoped-for Museum of the Performing Arts. Afro is an artist too little known here, and his room in Liverpool is a sanctuary of well-bred old-style oil-on-canvas painting. Burri's pieces in wood, and in burliap, looked radical in the late 1950s and have now a period patina; but elsewhere there is much with which time has dealt cruelly.

As Professor Carandente says, there are "many Italian artists of the first rank" who have been left out of this show; but, at one extreme, and Santomaso at another would have added character to what is now distinctly a Roman choice of artists, Anselmo and other members of the Torino avant-garde could have been substituted for others whose work seems to me a form of environmental pollution. The Italian heritage, as much in 1971 as at the time of the Futurist Manifesto, is an appalling burden; but there is some very touching about the "Copie"

with perfumed and speaking trees and musical bushes under the sky" by Luca Patella.

This piece is what its title suggests: a reconstructed copse, with inbuilt speech and music. It stands on a patchwork coverlet, which does duty for fields, and above it is a projection of moving clouds. Speech and music can be activated by the visitor; and the tape-recorded conversation on offer is not with the trees only, but with the woodworms which find a lodging within them. What they actually say is rather winsome, but as a participatory piece I prefer it to many a more pretentious undertaking.

Distinctly more modest is the show of Cuno Amiet (1868-1961) and Giovanni Giacometti (1868-1933) which has been put on at the Kettle's Yard Gallery in Cambridge by the Pro Helvetia Foundation and the Arts Council. Neither is "a major figure," but Amiet was involved with the Pont Aven group, involved with pointillism, and the honoured

guest of Kirchner and the "Brücke" group in Dresden: his portrait of Hodler is the best we have. Giovanni Giacometti, in any case, as Alberto's father, and his "Alberto Giacometti Sculpting his Mother" (1923) makes up in immediacy what it lacks in formal control; but his "Self-Portrait with Snowscape" (1899) is a fine painting in its own right.

For an encouraging purview of younger British art I recommend the show by post-graduate students at the Museum of Modern Art in Oxford. This would suggest that the ambition, and the capacity, to make finite works of art is by no means extinct. I noticed in particular a department of the St Martin's School: these should persuade us, if the McAlpine Gift at the Tate has not already done so, that Frank Martin, who has run the department in question for so many years, should be classed among our national treasures. For what he has produced (and this is not chauvinism, since some of the best artists are from overseas) is a whole crop of echo-less pieces owe nothing to the seniors who first made the class famous, and who have come out very strongly too, with gifts not forced but maximised.

## NEWS IN THE ARTS

### KENNETH PEARSON

London. It will cover two great kings, Edward III and Richard II, the Black Death, the Peasant Revolt, domestic life, and include the astrolabe which once, possibly, belonged to Chaucer himself.

● IMPRESARIO Eddie Kulkundis is to stage Alan Ayckbourn's new play, his fourth. Ayckbourn, best known for his "Relatively Speaking" and the current success "How The Other Half Loves," has produced a play even more complex than usual. The new play, *Me Times Me*, sets up three double-actors and their husbands and then has them change around act by act. It opens in Leicester on

August 25, in Edinburgh in September, then heads for London.

● EIGHT MONTHS ago I wrote about an opera, "The Visitation," which Bill Hays, now director of BBC TV's *Playhouse*, made for BBC TV four years ago at a cost of £75,000, and which had vanished. Someone at the BBC read the piece and did a double-take. Now Gunther Schuller's opera, based on Kafka's "The Trial," and re-set in New Orleans, has been scheduled for August 27 on BBC 2.

● THE WHIRLING DERVISHES will be leaving Turkey for the West for the first time in their

history. They will be appearing at the ICA's World of Islam festival in November. This Islamic order was established at Konya in Central Anatolia in the thirteenth-century. Their leader was the famous Islamic scholar Celaleddin Rumi, who wrote the *Mevlana* ("Our Master"). They whirling because, they say, God is everywhere, and in their dance they confront him everywhere. Hopefully, in November, just off the Mall as well.

● PROSPECT Theatre company has a packed schedule after Edinburgh where it launches *Lear* with Timothy West. It will then take *Lear* to Leeds, Norwich, Newcastle and Venice. After that a second tour includes Love's Labour's Lost at Stirling University's new theatre and both plays in the new Herlow Playhouse. They'll also stage *Endgame* at lunchtime at the new studio theatres in Stirling and Harlow.

## A seat in the stalls

TELEVISION □ OSCAR TURNILL

HAD I BEEN ASKED, before I carelessly acquired, free, my first TV set (an old console model like a vertical coffin, on which a dealer later allowed me £9 against a replacement, except that he didn't even want to see the old one, still less take it away)—had I been asked what I thought its principal benefits might be, these could easily have included the hope of seeing, say, Sir Ralph Richardson in something like *She Stoops to Conquer*. Why then, did I find myself looking so frequently, my watch when last week and a dozen years later, that very event came to pass on BBC2?

There are a number of reasons, among them the dire slowness of the performance; what seemed to me curious inequalities of view among those concerned as to what kind of play they were doing; repetitive and over-elaborate realisation of events better conveyed by Goldsmith's words. But the one that matters is that it was written for the theatre, it was meant to happen in front of an audience. It may be a comedy of manners, one of the glories of the English stage. Yet it is also, like a lot of TV comedy, a ludicrous exhibition, performed by characters invented for the purpose. TV comedy, however, never tries to stretch its welcome to two full hours. It has learnt that thirty minutes are about right, though you can stretch to forty or fifty provided that there is a serious contrapuntal theme (rather

elevation to "play" status) or comic invention is so prolific—as in the case of the revived *Two Ronnies* (BBC2)—that it is not to be denied.

There was a basic error in trying to trick out *She Stoops to Conquer* in the studio, instead of taking it to the theatre, where this production was first staged. At a distance somewhere in stalls or circle Sir Ralph's thoughtful Hardcastle, no mere country buffoon but sensible and courteous to a fault, might have seemed to be a man to be put upon; Tom Courtenay's Marlow might have seemed both less painfully sensitive, less obsequiously boorish. We might have been patient of such jolly romping, tolerant of all those wilful misunderstandings. We were offered too many nuances for such broad stuff; it does not do to become involved with figures of farce.

More real comedy was to be found in *Legal Aid*, the second of Granada's Irish series *The Sinners*, adapted by Hugh Leonard from Frank O'Connor. It wasn't trying to say anything very general; just a wry little tale of a servant-girl's paternity suit, the hearing of which took place in a court so uproariously known as to make BBC's leading Cases (another welcome return) look like the Last Judgment. It was pleasant and unpretentious, and what mattered if the adaptation didn't altogether shed the literary flavour of the original.

Dominic Behan is neither a Goldsmith nor

an O'Connor, but he knows how to provide the materials for a good television play. Ireland, Mother Ireland, which began a new series of Thames Armchair Theatre, was about warring factions of the IRA in prison in 1941 or 42. Two men awaiting execution for the murder of a British soldier, a break-out to take care of another. But they go to face the firing squad in the bitter knowledge that the job has been bungled. The play managed in that convenient Irish way to glory in the uselessness of it all, but it wasn't just a pathetic O'Connor, and it said things about ideologies and death, that are not nice to know yet are worth the reminder. It was directed stylishly by Piers Haggard, who controlled a large cast (with a towering performance from Barry Keegan) and kept the threads of plot clear, however obscure the politics involved.

The other new play of the week was the facetiously entitled *One More on Top*, by Jonathan Hales for London Weekend. This was about the rival candidates for the union secretaryship at a bus garage, one of whom was sleeping with the other's wife, he wins the job but loses his mistress. I'd like to think better of it, because it was trying hard much of the time to show real people without glamorising them or romanticising their political aspirations. Maureen Toot's slightly sleazy wife suggested a performance for which there wasn't quite a part. In the end I'm afraid it was all rather slight.

isn't sounding off, the music, though pleasant, is anonymous like the sleeve. Anonymity is not-

## Defiant Duke

DEREK JEWELL

of Sidney Bechet, made after Hodges' death, Paul Gonsalves' intensely emotional solo seems to be for Johnny more than the nominal recipient.

The album as a whole is a terrifying reminder that, after almost half a century, the core of the great Ellington band really is disintegrating. The trumpet eagerly to contain the final and most moving brush-strokes of the genius, Johnny Hodges, who died during the period of the recordings. His lazy-sounding solo on "Blues for New Orleans" is as fine as anything he ever did; and on "Portrait

especially) and Duke seems able still to recruit the right men. Norris Turney, his newish flautist, gets better and better and trombonist Julian Priester, here recently and shunning with Duke's Hancock, appears like one of nature's Ellingtonians. Why, though, had we to wait so long to receive an album taped in April and May, 1970?

My remark about Dizzy Gillespie was not meant to be totally pejorative. Despite the rock-jazz, electric-bassified setting of "Souled Out" (Pye £1.45), he plays glowingly and cheerfully almost like himself. But when he

There is nothing unidentifiable about Atila Zeller, a little known guitarist who explodes on "Gypsy Cry" (Embryo, £2.15), with the fine piano of Herbie Hancock backing him. At first he seems to be Wes Montgomery reincarnated, octave-playing like the master. But he swiftly establishes himself as a ritually romantic musician with a touch of Django about him. A contender for the crown, Hancock is also heard on "Zawinul" (Atlantic, £2.15), where another player of electric piano, Joe Zawinul, creates with horns and rhythm those lyrical eddying sounds, underpinned by careful rhythms, which typify the latter work of both Hancock and Miles Davis. On the sleeve, Davis approves; and so do I.

## CHICHESTER 71

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## Out on a limb

THE BODY HAS A HEAD by Gustav Eckstein/Collins £4.50 pp 379  
CYRIL CONNOLLY

enthusiastic an all-rounder, with a gift of imagery and expression and a training which enabled him to pick on the salient facts in complicated research.

Perhaps I'd better introduce myself. I'm Doctor Connolly, a myologist who has devoted the working years of a long life to a study of systemic fungus diseases. As you all know, fewer than fifty species of fungi are capable of infecting man, of which only about twelve are fatal. Unfortunately the discovery of amphotericin B has greatly limited the mortality rate and taken much of the glamour out of my studies. It is bad enough that such diseases should cease to be dangerous; it is criminal that they should all be cured by the same drug. I was forced with a chuckle to abandon the study of systemic fungus infection (for which no Nobel Prize has hitherto been awarded) and join the ranks of Dermatologists, whom I regard as completely superficial.

Dr Eckstein doesn't mention fungi once, he is totally geared to the fashionable topics of today: psychomatics, correlations, investigation of mental processes, neurosis, psychosis, dreaming, apathy, memory, conditioned reflexes, the brain, the nerves, metabolism, kidneys, glands, the heart, blood, growth, digestion. He takes us on a mystery tour of the body and introduces us to

various scientists and their theories, Claude Bernard, Sherrington, Cajal (b. 1852), the great neurologist. "No one has brought to the nervous system more of the reverence it deserves, no one has been more humble before it and humble before nothing else." He closed away the weeds. (Nobel Prize 1906).

Dr Eckstein also writes well about Freud and Pavlov, each of whom added a new four letter word to the unmentionables, "soul" and "mind." Pavlov insisted on his students, at risk of a fine, calling the mind "higher nervous centre." To use another obsolete word, I have always thought of him as a really wicked man, epitome of the satanic arrogance of materialism, father of brain-washing, the Attila of the Conditioned Reflex.

In a dog that was by nature an inhibited animal he would intensify inhibition, he would undermine a strong temperament by castration. He would present an intelligent animal with a problem that was simply too complex for it, that was the ellipse and the circle. Collision in the nervous system was Pavlov's statement for what had happened there—Pavlov would make a dog cataleptic. He thought he had produced a psychomatic. Pavlov's quicksilver mind, his passion, water under the door where a dog was alone in its kennel. That was enough. Pavlov often said that if stimuli are strong enough or the nervous system weak enough, neurosis results. I closed my revision against

Pavlov would be against those who have abused his methods, who have done for people what he did for dogs, but I suspect that all prejudice against behaviourists stems from the fear that they may be right. We don't have Freud as his contemporaries did because we find infantile sexuality more sympathetic than they did, but it is humiliating to believe that man is not merely a machine but a machine that can be bent and warped to play back anything it is told, and to which there are no exceptions, no faith that can't be cracked, no love that can't be destroyed; like dung, like master.

Compared to Pavlov, Freud is a pure romantic; he never lost his sense of the mystery of life, of the mind, and Dr Eckstein warms to him.

He had talent and power for descriptions of the nuts of the mind, descriptions that his followers often trace into laws. Some canny or evasive border, it is not possible yet to say how Freud added to the edges of the human mind's comprehension of itself.

Of his book on the interpretation of dreams, which he thought his greatest work, Freud wrote: "insight such as this falls to one's lot but once in a lifetime." Freud thought of dreams as the emergence of repressed wishes; Pavlov was also interested; in his theory the brain was built tilted towards sleep, to be awake was perpetual arousal and if he were given two hundred years, he said, he might fit dreams into his scheme.

What a pity facetiousness makes so much of Dr Eckstein's quicksilver mind, his passion to formulate a general truth. His descriptions of his father's death, of old age, of a brain operation, or of a baby's growing familiarity with language are so good as to make the clowning the more deplorable.

SOME NOVELS don't quite hang together yet please, partly through the variety of what they offer: Brill Among the Ruins is one of them. There is some justification for the choppy structure of the book: it reflects not only Brill's own segmented life with its conflicting pulls—a wife who has taken to drink, a son who's turned straight soldier in Vietnam, an interest in conservation, a legal business, a pretty client—but also his view of his society as "shuffling, gaudy, understimulated."

Brill makes a bid for purpose by joining a dig in Mexico, and the second part of the book mixes dreams of an Indian past into a scholarly account of the excavations of an Indian site. The dreams are absorbing, but the mixing doesn't altogether work. Vance Bourjaily steps into them over-eagerly and they take on an independent existence that leads to a dreamer himself.

A pity, because the dreamer is the book's main achievement. Brill has affinities with a Hemingway hero but is more honestly sad, Laconic, nervous, and whimsical, he's good company, making the small, slick statement. Wider political judgment is muffled in the person of Brice de Leudes, who hates war and stasis equally and remains central to the novel's theme. One feels Brice is the man to watch.

This is one of those unfair novels where half the interest lies in the improbable interrelationships of its characters. People's private histories and confessions, proliferating to a point

## Digging for identity

BRILL AMONG THE RUINS by Vance Bourjaily/W H Allen £2.30  
NO PEACE ON EARTH by Jean Larteguy, translated from the French by Xan Fielding/W H Allen £2  
ONE OR ANOTHER by Rosalyn Drexler/Blond & Briggs £1.50  
MARY CONROY

Jean Larteguy's No Peace On Earth chews on redder meat: revolution and counter-revolution in Latin America. The revolution doesn't actually happen in this book (another is to follow) and violence has, for the time being, to find its outlets in sex and declamation. There are some fairly rash analogies between politics and sex—the Cuban revolution is said to have transferred "the whore of the Caribbean" from "the brutal hands of a rich, licentious and elderly lover into those of a suspicious, shy and parsimonious one"—and has a general tendency to be a little too explicit.

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This is one of those unfair novels where half the interest lies in the improbable interrelationships of its characters. People's private histories and confessions, proliferating to a point

where the mind finds it hard to contain them. The book is interesting, but it does offer an idea of how it might feel to be involved in Latin American affairs and of the politics of violence in general.

Violence and sex link hands again in Rosalyn Drexler's One or Another, and hurls us into a world of fantasy, hallucination and madness. Married to a right-wing, gun-toting teacher or gymnast, Melissa Johnson comforts herself in an affair with a reluctant teenage student and an intense relationship with a committed black power man. Alternatively she doesn't. This is a book where the boundaries of reality blur and final truth lies in the mind.

The mind is a funny place where moral judgment is concerned, tending to think the person it belongs to is right. Melissa's husband doesn't stand a chance in there. She has him trampled by students, killed in a physical handicap, it's set in New York of a Progressive ex-Fellow of All Souls.

maternal, and a series of triumphant orgasms. Melissa's imagination is lively, her mind interesting, if unhealthy, country to walk in. It doesn't, however, correlate with anything outside itself, nor does it offer any way out of its despair.

A Beach in Spain, by Monique Lange (Calder & Boyars £1.60), is a small book made up of three stories of varying length and consistent sensibility. The stories are linked by their themes of love, political action and death, and by the deep unhappiness of their heroines. Monique Lange's perceptions can be delicate, but the need to go on tiptoe is a strain and the perceptions in this rather crude moral world don't hop up to enough to justify the effort. The final, longest story is the best: here the barrenness of an ultra-feminine viewpoint is turned to account in a skillfully accumulating portrait of a woman's meanness in love.

Summer of '42, by Herman Raucher (W. H. Allen £2), remembers the anxieties of an American adolescent with conscious sentimentality and a vulgarity that rings reasonably true. Conditioned by the world he lives in and the raucous company he keeps, fifteen-year-old Hermie likens the teeth of the woman he loves to Chieftails, has fantasies involving Blondie and Sheena of the Jungle, and masturbates idly in the bathroom while an older sister hammers at the door. The book is a cheerful look at some things we might have forgotten.

any in the novel is the same Steven Bright, the same. Gone is our confident, scornful, self-reliant intellectual bristling with left-minded lecture notes. Instead, we are offered a savage and genuinely reckless auto-critique, a torrentially funny and self-aware catalogue of the mental and physical hangups it's set in New York of a Progressive ex-Fellow of All Souls.

Mr Caute proceeds to bite the hands and minds that have fed him with all the appetite and something of the same iconoclasm. He is confident, scornful, self-reliant intellectual bristling with left-minded lecture notes. Instead, we are offered a savage and genuinely reckless auto-critique, a torrentially funny and self-aware catalogue of the mental and physical hangups it's set in New York of a Progressive ex-Fellow of All Souls.

## Rules and the game

THE DEMONSTRATION by David Caute/Andre Deutsch £1.40  
THE ILLUSION by David Caute/Andre Deutsch £2.50  
THE OCCUPATION by David Caute/Andre Deutsch £2  
FREDERIC RAPHAEL

their clipped paragraphs without aesthetic imposed modesty now serves only to keep intelligence and personality out of the contemporary English novel. It may keep the novel pure, but what can grow on a diet of disinformation? The writer is alienated from his work, just as industrial capitalism alienates the worker from his (as you may have heard).

What is needed is alienation of another kind. In case you didn't know, there are two words for alienation in German: the bad, dehumanising kind, *Entfremdung*, and the good, Brechtian kind, *Verfremdung*, the famous distancing effect, which is calculated to prevent audiences, readers and critics from the spiritual equivalent of *ejusdem generis*, premature catharsis. The novelist who continues to create characters and a world, to peddle the worn-out ideological stuff of routine imaginative action is hereby consigned to the rubbish dump of literary history. The novel for our time, comrades and critical fans, is, I give you—the Dialectical Novel, the dialectic of the marriage (well, association) between Commitment and Modernism.

The appeal is now to the Left: down with Socialist Realism and up with Socialist Modernism. Instead of a false and stultifying official aesthetic, let us encourage the committed writer to employ all the tools of the New Criticism. Modern Writers for the Revolution will not let the People down. Trust us, comrades. Can Mr Caute not bear the Central Committee's answer? Trust the Central Committee is not ignorant of the ignoble, impoverishing and vulgar consequences of its dogmas; it relies on them. The simple truth is that all pleas for aesthetic liberty, however committed it promises to be, are pleas for ethical liberty. And that means dissent, it means pluralism, it means counter-revolution.

His third is a novel. A wise careerist would know better than to propose standards by which he himself will be the first to be

judged. (The man who constructed the brazen hull was it will be remembered, the first to be roasted in it.) What solemn, didactic, modernist, revolutionary tract, one wondered, would The Occupation turn out to be. The answer is, it is not significantly and seldom very happily affected by the stern programme laid down in "The Illusion." The hero, well, the

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## Great expectations

AGAINST THE SELF-IMAGES OF THE AGE by Alasdair MacIntyre  
Duckworth £3.50 pp 284  
SURVIVING THE FUTURE by Arnold Toynbee/Oxford £2  
MAURICE CRANSTON

DURING the student troubles of 1968, Professor Alasdair MacIntyre, who was then a Dean at Stirling University, was the object of singular abuse in the radical and underground Press; the reason seemed to be that the rebels were bitter in their disappointment in him. MacIntyre had often employed the kind of language which the New Left used: he spoke of "alienation," wrote appreciatively of Marx and the Guevara, and critically of bourgeois values and the social science establishment. The "revolutionaries" assumed that he was going to be one of their men.

But when it came to the crunch, MacIntyre was what looked to them like some kind of liberal. At all events, it was clear that he believed strongly in the values of freedom and toleration and democracy and that he opposed traditional and existing forms of liberalism only as part of his effort to give those values a better intellectual foundation and to combine them with a theory of social change.

Professor MacIntyre, who was once a philosophy don at Oxford and is now a Brandeis University in America, has a much more "continental" type of mind than we are familiar with in the English-speaking world. That is to say, his inclination is rather towards systematic, Cartesian or Hegelian thinking than the analytic, empirical sort with conclusions which is characteristic of our games-playing Anglo-Saxon culture. MacIntyre is a rationalist, serious, rigorous and immensely scholarly; he is also totally unsentimental. To read his new book together with the latest Arnold Toynbee is to be struck by the contrast between the stern philosopher and the genial historian.

Professor Toynbee smiles sweetly on rebellious youth, he warns the radicals against the use of violence, but he "understands" their aims; as for the hippies, Toynbee compares them to the early Christians and to the followers of St Francis in the religious life, though, what resemblance there is between the lives of parasitic self-indulgence and lives of devout self-sacrifice he does not tell us. Nothing is allowed to cloud his beautiful thoughts, save an occasional

knock at striking trade unionists who "sabotage" the pensions of retired people like Professor Toynbee himself. Both MacIntyre and Toynbee are interested in religion. Toynbee writes: "I do not believe that any human being has ever been without religion or ever can be." A characteristic remark, MacIntyre, on the other hand, says: "The substance of religious belief is no longer with us. What we do have is a religious language, which survives even though we do not know what to say in it."

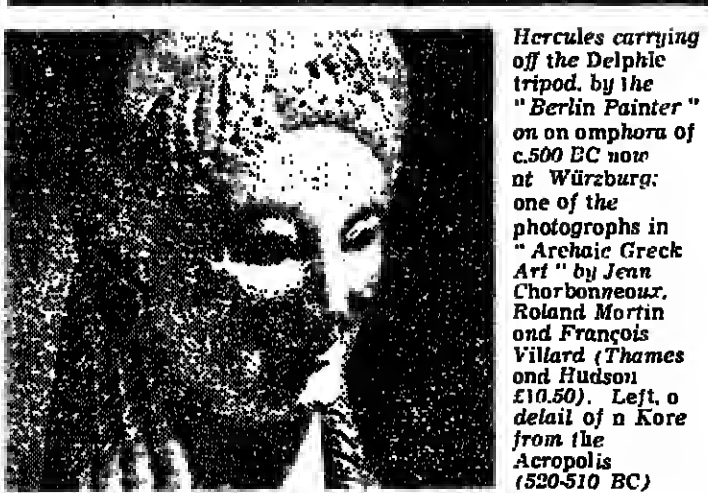
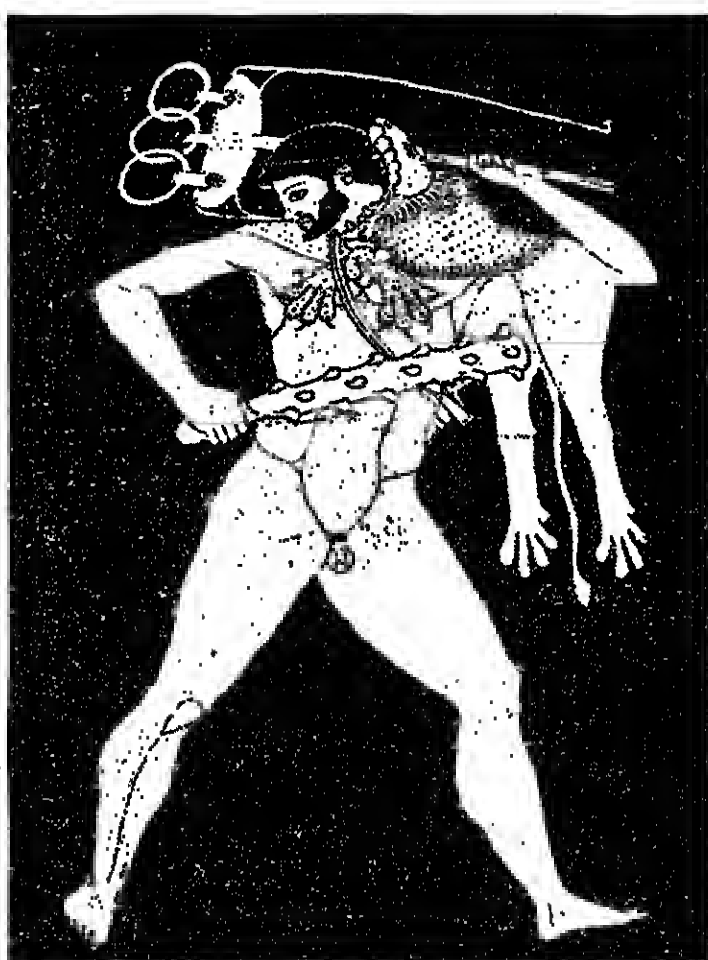
At the centre of MacIntyre's book is a series of chapters on the concept of "ought." They appeared originally in professional journals, and are undoubtedly technical. But they reward the effort required to read them. In these essays MacIntyre attacks the prevailing belief that no statement about value can be derived from statements about fact. This rule is usually attributed to David Hume. MacIntyre claims that Hume did not say it and that it is not true. He argues that we can logically derive an "ought" from an "is." For example, he writes, "From the premise that 'he is a sea captain' it certainly follows that 'he ought to do whatever a sea captain ought to do'."

MacIntyre next attacks another and related fashionable belief (not so fashionable now as it was a few years ago), namely that it is possible to construct a "value-free" sociology or a value-free political science. MacIntyre argues that it is impossible to explain human behaviour without discriminating between rational and irrational. This means that the social scientist cannot be a mere external commentator; philosophical arguments will actually come into his explanations of human behaviour. Sociology is to this extent a normative as well as an empirical science. MacIntyre makes the further suggestion that the very enterprise of constructing a value-free social science is ideologically loaded: loaded in favour of the view that all justice is positive justice.

MacIntyre has a good deal to say about ideology. He dissents energetically from the suggestion put forward by a number of American sociologists in the 1960s that the end of ideology was approaching. These theorists had in mind what was the violent confrontation of "isms" was giving way to pragmatic politics on the domestic scene and to co-existence in foreign policy. MacIntyre considers this a false appraisal; and who would deny that there has been a revival of ideology in recent years? He also thinks it a self-refuting thesis, since to proclaim the end of ideology is to proclaim a form of "muted anachronism" which is, he says, itself ideological.

He claims that the ideological content of the end-of-ideology thesis is conservative. The present situation, as he sees it, in the university world is a gulf between the pragmatic positivist and complacent to see the importance of ideas and the young who are so much in love with vague romantic visions that they cannot recognise reality. If I have understood him aright, he seems to feel, with Hegel, that the "true consciousness" of philosophy is the one alternative to the various "ideological deformations" of the age.

I have a great deal of sympathy, as well as admiration, for Alasdair MacIntyre, but I suspect that just as Toynbee is much too kind to all of us, MacIntyre is too hard on those who favour (as I do myself) pragmatic politics rather than politics dominated by "isms" and informed by impassioned theorists, we may cling to what he calls "the politics of 1968"—but what real alternative is there except some form of Left-wing or Right-wing highbrow or dourbrow despotism which hardly deserves the name of politics at all?



Hercules carrying off the Delphic tripod, by the "Berlin Painter" on an amphora of c.500 BC now at Würzburg; one of the photographs in "Archaic Greek Art" by Jean Chorbonneau, Roland Mortin and François Villard (Thames and Hudson £10.50). Left: a detail of a Kore from the Acropolis (520-510 BC)

## A going concern

SIX SUNDAYS IN JANUARY by Arnold Wesker/Cape £1.95  
WAYLAND KENNET

write these about him. So it is like Byron and Wilde again, when the foreigners thought we were good long before we did? If it is, it is for the opposite reasons. Byron and Wilde were too clever for us and the French had to teach us that they were good in spite of their cleverness. Arnold Wesker is too good for us, but in this particularly brittle, snide and flashy moment of our culture we are embarrassed or cast into shame or annoyed, or whatever it may be, by his obvi-

ous goodness, his sheer and blatant attachment to love as a good thing—so we think he must be stupid.

But he is not: he is very clever in spite of that. Even this doesn't help him much, because the strand in our culture which makes the reader feel that a good thing is also committed to inarticulacy and passivity. So the active and talkative Wesker strikes that lot as probably not generally loving at all.

The book consists of five pieces. "Pools" is a short story about a Jewish grandmother at loggerheads with her own addition: to the dream of £75,000. It is an early work, controlled and funny. "The Nottingham Captain" is a spoken "moral" with music about what the history books call "labour unrest" in 1817. It is rather schematic and thin. The television play "Menace" grasps the reader for the heart with the old sensation that Mr Wesker never really gripped it. This must be due either to sheer idiosyncrasy on the reader's part, or sheer genius on the author's; probably the latter. "The London Diary for Stockholm" which Arnold Wesker read on the Swedish radio in English, just shows a very nice man living along with his family and friends.

The title story, "Six Sundays in January," on the other hand is a complete and brilliant success. It falls into that extremely well-tried form, the *tranche de vie*, the essence of which is that it can never be out-dated. I guess that as long as family life retains any resemblance to what it was for the last thousand years (which may not be long), this particular slice of it will be remembered. A young Jewish mother is seeking whatever it is we all seek, when a very close friend commits suicide. She

grieves for her friend, and admits to herself for the first time that her husband is a bore, but that she is going to stay with him for the sake of the children. That is it. In Arnold Wesker's best writing, and this is some of it, *l'acharnement* reruns are not in the approved position, namely just under the surface, but right on it: a huge and beautiful lake of

This is a book of and about personal relationships, occasionally you see Mr Wesker's politics flashing past and this indeed does bring you once more up against the familiar puzzle of how it is that so many of those who love their careers are indifferent to them, and write about it in a way that can enliven and enlighten our lives, should yet entertain political views which are only compatible with an impatient dismissal of those large groups of individuals which constitute the modern western state.

Dramatic achievement

The Plays of Arnold Wesker: An Assessment by Glenda Leeming and Simon Trussler (Collins £2.95). This is a critical book with a difference. Miss Leeming and Mr Trussler take Wesker's plays one by one and analyse their themes, language and structure. They tackle this job with detailed attention and sound critical intelligence: it is good to see a meticulous craftsman like Wesker being given his due for the way he constructs his plays and handles language. What the book lacks is the zest of its subject. Wesker is the one playwright of his generation who can infuse ideas with feeling: even his weakest plays are excitingly theatrical and give forth a life-affirming passion. This book is written in a ponderous, jargon-ridden prose which communicates next to nothing of this, which is probably why the book is also a little short on discrimination: Wesker's intentions are analysed in plenty and often very acutely, too; they are too seldom measured against what the plays can actually achieve in the theatre.

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